COFFEE, BREAD, JAM IN DENTAL PARLORS

Daddy Ford, American, of Toulouse, Turns Shop Over to Yanks

FIVE GRAVES IN HIS CARE

O.D. Shirt and Overseas Cap Transforms Goateed Doctor Into Regular Doughboy

Down in the only part of France that is sunny, on the muddy, slow-flowing Garonne river, lies Toulouse, city of Romanesque architecture, dungeons, geese, violets and prehistoric monuments. To Toulouse, just 47 years ago—in 1872—came a young American, a dentist, just out of college in the States.

When the first home-sick, silent Americans wearing olive drab reached Toulouse, they discovered living there amid the crowded thousands of French people a man who was as strange to them as if he had been discovered living on a Robinson Crusoe's isle. It was Daddy Ford, the American dentist of 1872—but now transformed. He still spoke English, but he wore a goatee and mustache. He was obviously old, but he was still vigorous.

He still spoke English—or, more properly, American—although he had not talked it in bunches for nearly half a century. And he spoke, of course, French—spoke it like a charter member of the Franco-American Mutual Interpreters' Association. He could fill, excavate and extract teeth without the slightest trace of an accent. But he had not forgotten that Washington, D. C., was the capital of the United States of America, and he knew that Ulysses S. Grant was no longer president.

And then there happened one of those strange transformations that often come to old men, when the recollections of youth blaze up again out of charring memories, and Daddy Ford stepped out into broad daylight as an American. His French neighbors hardly recognized him the day he put on the overseas cap, the khaki shirt and red, white and blue ribbon and walked down the street with a pair of doughboys who happened to be passing through the good city of Toulouse.

Known to All Soldiers

That first manifestation was long ago, but today in Toulouse there is no one whose fame among Americans is greater than that of Daddy Ford—Dr. George Ford, to be polite, as he has maintained his dental practice even with age weighing upon him. And through that section just above the Spanish border, the soldiers all know the old man who hangs around the arcade-like station, giving cigars and handshakes and talks about the days back in 1872, when France was just getting over another war under less happy circumstances.

In time the Americans in Toulouse came to number many thousands. There were hospitals and supply depots and labor companies, and Daddy Ford went on with his transfiguration. There was one day when one of the first boys to come to Toulouse died in the hospital.

That same day Daddy Ford arranged for a cemetery about two miles outside Toulouse. Today there are five little graves on the level plain, five white crosses upstanding in a row, above every cross an American flag. The flags and the palms that Daddy Ford has planted are almost always straightening in the winds that sweep the plain, but they never disappear. Every morning the old man goes out to rearrange the flowers and to see that the little hillocks are kept in condition.

Buffalo Bill Posters on Walls

And today the three little rooms in which Dr. Ford started his dental practice in 1872 are crowded day and night with American soldiers. In his clientless dental parlors they are served coffee and bread and jam. They marvel at the faded posters of Buffalo Bill's show which are on the walls, but there is nothing of 1872 about the shiny white dentist of today uses. The Red Cross has been financing Daddy Ford's rest rooms.

Daddy Ford is spending most of his spare time these days in trying to induce the United States State Department to grant him a citizenship certificate, his long residence abroad technically having forfeited his claim by birth.

PICK AND SHOVEL LAY ARMISTICE BARRAGE AS YANKS FORGE GRIMLY AHEAD IN NEW BATTLE OF THE ARGONNE

Plump P.W.'s Help to Mend Roads Over Which Refugees Return

The armistice went into effect on the morning of November 11, 1918, but American troops are still fighting the battle of the Argonne.

From Ste. Ménéhould to Sedan, from Grand-Pré to Dun-sur-Meuse, nearly every town and village that was captured or overrun in the greatest of all American battles now has its lorn detachment of lingering American soldiers, quartered there amid the grimy, disconsolate, rain-soaked ruins which that battle left in its wake. Les Islettes, Exermont, Cheppy, Cuisy, Romagne, Chemery, all have their American outfits today. They dwell amid the mud and rubbish and they wonder when they are going home.

The tumult, and the shouting died some months ago. All the kings and most of the captains departed long since. But there remain graves to be shifted, dead to be named, roads to be mended, refuse to be carried away, property to be watched, bridges to be built, prisoners to be guarded. American troops—thousands upon thousands of them—are on the job.

Consider Grand-Pré. When members of the 77th and 78th Divisions encounter each other those days, M.P.'s have to intervene to prevent disputes as to who took that much-battered town on the Aire. But members of Troop G, 2nd Cavalry, can imagine nothing of less consequence than who took Grand-Pré. The only question they consider important is who holds Grand-Pré now. And they know the answer to that question. For they hold Grand-Pré. Albeit, they are perfectly willing to let go.

Thirteen members of Troop G are worrying along somehow in the wet remains of a once handsome château. The sizable American colony that settled in Grand-Pré after the armistice has melted away. The nurses have gone from Châtel-Chehery. The Engineers and labor troops and salvage squads have gone. The Cavalrymen have lost their Y.M.C.A. hut, all their officers and most of their horses. They have nothing left but their rations, their side arms, their Victrola and their morale.

Their only work is to guard some rubbish that no one wants to steal. Their only excitement is to shoot up the cats, on whom war was declared after a lot of beef was raided. Their only real pleasure is to lie in wait for a passing column of German prisoners under French guard and start a riot by showing a few packages of Bull Durham.

Germans on the Job

For German soldiers are also fighting the battle of the Argonne. Heavy-packed and dressed in motley, they move from job to job in groups of hundreds, sometimes guarded by poilus and sometimes guarded by Yanks. The American guards derive a certain satisfaction from the fact that their prisoners are, all of them, plump and rosy, not to say natty in their American slickers and high, luxurious rubber boots.

"Hey, there, Jerry, get a wiggle on you and give us a lift here," the guard sings out.

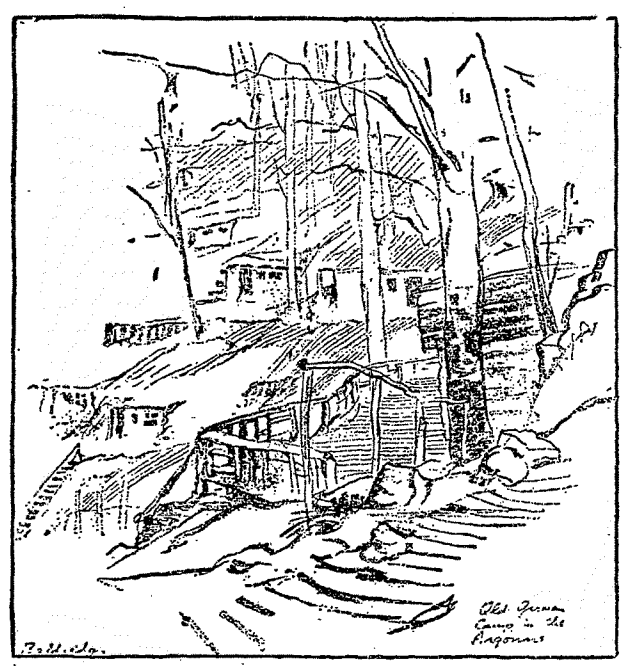
And Jerry's wiggle is a wonder.

"Well," says the sergeant in charge, reflectively, "it seems we won the war and they lost it, but here we are together, both working on French roads. I don't know but what they've got the edge on us slightly. They don't have so far to go to get home. And say, the ones that are with the French are always sneaking over and trying to get mixed up with our prisoners. They know which Army's got all the luck when it comes to rations."

But if Grand-Pré is a depressing spot, as its shells of buildings grow weaker and weaker in the April rains, if Cuisy and Septsarges and Nantillois are inexpressibly dismal places, he would be an insensible person who could visit Varennes these days without feeling the inspiration of the work that is going on in that wreck of a famous village.

Varennes, the little highway town where Louis and Marie Antoinette were caught in their flight from Paris, was a target for the shells all through the war. There was not a single house left standing when the troops of the 35th Division charged through it in late September last. There were only a few remnants of houses and cellars to provide a headquarters for the 1st Division during the hardest battle those A.E.F. veterans ever knew.

Yet, Varennes now is alive with new activity—a little colony of good work and hope. There is a large camp of prisoners neatly billeted in barracks on the edge of the road that leads up Cheppy way. There is a negro battalion parked in the field alongside the forest road where the ammunition train of the 82nd Division was quartered for so many weeks.



Camp Amidst Wreckage

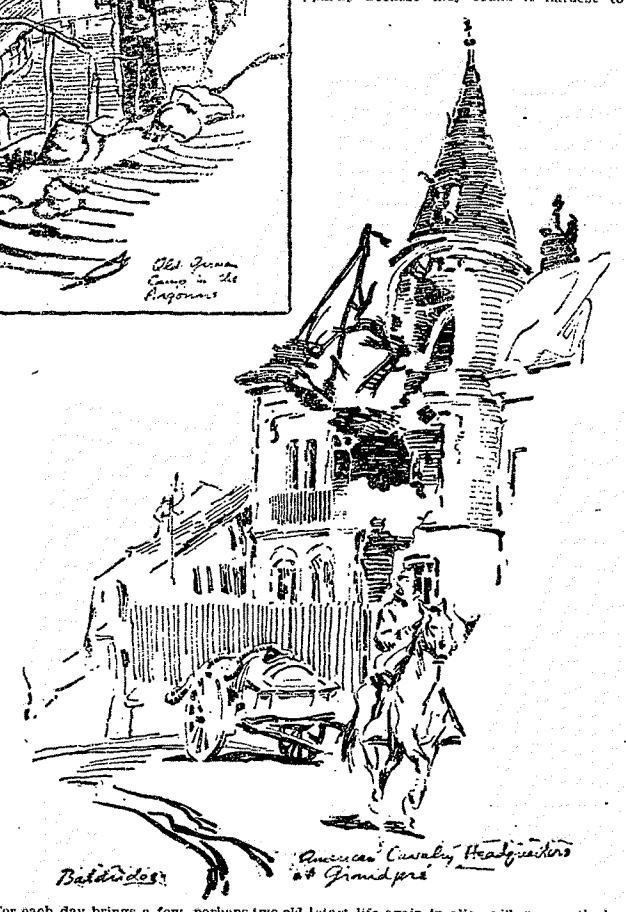
And in the heart of the town, in a space cleared amid the wreckage of old homes, there has risen as trim and comfortable a camp as can be found anywhere in the A.E.F. It is the home of Truck 7, 23rd Engineers, and because it takes more than mud and uncertainty to shake their morale, it is a good home.

It invites the wayfarer at every point, from the smooth, well-rolled ground in front, the trim box hedges, the glistening flagpole (raised in time to fly a flag on the anniversary of the regiment's arrival in France), and the "Truck Seven," worked out in red and white brick on the sloping ground, for all the world like the name of a suburb at a railway station back home. Inside, things get better and better. It is true that the art collections, consisting as they do of paintings salvaged from roofless churches and covers cut out from "La Vie Parisienne," are catholic in a sense the church wouldn't understand. But there's nothing the matter with the beds.

Above all, there's nothing the matter with the lectric lights, thanks to an engine the Germans left behind them in their somewhat hasty departure from Varennes. And there's nothing the matter with the hot and cold water showers nor with the big porcelain bathtub found amid the wreckage of a Grand-Pré house and believed to be the only one of its kind within a hundred miles.

Truck 7 has the greatest respect for their nearest neighbors, who dwell in the Pueblo City cut in the Varennes cliff. Those little houses were built by Germans for their own comfort. They came, in the curious processes of time, to serve, for a while, as dressing stations for the wounded of the divisions that smashed their way along the eastern edge of the forest. Eventually, the Tank Brigade claimed them as headquarters. Now, in the best of them, two Quaker women dwell.

Those two gray-clad hospitable women are members of the Friends War Victims' Relief Committee, of which reconstruction organization some 400 members, English and American, are toiling now in the waste land north and south of Varennes, holding out helping hands to the first people of the region to venture back in the hope of starting life again after four years of exile.



For each day brings a few, perhaps two old women returning fearfully to see what is left of their home and what chances there are of re-establishing themselves before it is too late for the spring planting. They find waiting them these women, ready with warm beds, a good roof and some bowls of steaming coffee.

The very look of the shack, both inside and out, holds forth encouragement, suggesting how much can be done with stuff picked up amid the ruins, plus a little good will. Primroses and cowslips bloom gaily in the little front garden. Inside, some old Turner engravings, fished out of the debris of some house, look down from a wall of which the wainscot is made of lath, tacked in squares on a background of German sand-bag cloth. The pussy willows, fresh-cut from the edge of Argonne forest, just fit in the vases the 75 shells make, and some capital hanging flowerpots can be fashioned from German helmets. The bread-box used to hold ammunition and the cushion cover on the divan was once a battalion panel.

In such a pleasant setting, the returning refugees learn that seed is waiting them and that when they are ready to plow, horses and implements will be provided. Already, the soil of the battlefield around Exermont is being turned, sometimes by the men of this reconstruction committee, sometimes by the French villagers themselves.

Old People Back First

For every village, no matter how battered, has some of its folk back, stalking like ghosts amid the ruins. There are fewer back than in the area between the Marne and the Vesle, for the devastation in the Argonne was more complete and the imprisonment of that countryside of so much longer duration that more of its people have taken root elsewhere.

It is the old people who come back first, partly because they found it hardest to start life again in alien villages, partly because, all through the war, it had been their prayer to get back home before death overtook them.

The size of the colony in any village is not determined by the extent of the destruction. No town could be much more obliterated than Varennes, yet new life is astir there, and even Montfaucon has farmers asleep in its cellars at night, while St. Juvin and Marcq and Landres-et-St. Georges, though far less completely destroyed, would be almost deserted villages were it not for the German prisoners and their guards. But these places are further from the railhead. It is that which makes the difference.

That is the reason, too, why there has been less change in the look of the countryside along the hill crests of the once formidable Kriemhilde Stellung. Though the salvage squads have worked hard, the wanderer who goes from Grand-Pré along the ghastly crests that blocked the way to Landres-et-St. Georges and reaches finally the bloody heights of the Côte de Chatillon finds things much as they were when the guns were stilled last November.

The dead no longer lie in the field, and everywhere there is a strange silence, but the shell-holes look as if the echo of the barrages must still hang in the air, and everywhere the wire stands. The wire is the great problem of the salvage men. It remains still to be solved.

There is at least one part of the Argonne, however, that is utterly deserted. Not a prisoner toils, not an engineer works in the Forest of Argonne itself. No form of human life can be found in those extraordinary ravines of which the slopes had been so completely fitted out with dug-outs by the Germans during their long tenancy that an entire Yankee regiment could take its repose in a single ravine.

How to Increase Your Income

Some American hustler will make a million dollars out of one of those ravines. He will rent it for several seasons from the French government, which will think he is crazy. Then he will shore up the dugouts and shacks that have given way under the winter rains. He will pick up the litter of tin cans and pretend that he has fumigated all the cooties out of the ravine. Then he will run a bus line to Ste. Ménéhould and plaster the Paris hotels with signs inviting all American tourists to come and camp out over-night in the Forest of Argonne.

Bed and Board on the Battle Field Taste Life as Our Soldiers Lived It Spend a Night in the Argonne Fifty Francs a Night

Not only the battlefield itself has its detachments of Americans, but most of the towns and villages which constituted the rear echelons during that battle—most of the countryside from Varennes and Monzeville to Bar-le-Duc.

These are not much more cheerful habitations and it was with a great sigh of relief that the 79th Division moved out the other day, pulling up stakes from Souilly, which was First Army Headquarters during the battle, and from all the towns roundabout, most of which, absurdly enough, are named Erize.

These little villages of mud and manure are just as cheerless as though the Germans had blown them off the map, and there came times when the Yanks billeted there wished devoutly that the Germans had done just that.

The 314th Infantry tried to put a bright face on things by setting up a theater and naming it the Metropolitan Opera House. But even this humor palled, and when the order to move over Chaumont way came the other day, the divisional paper, a snappy young journal named "The Lorraine Cross," felt so good about it that it got out an extra with screaming headlines. This was probably the first American extra ever printed in France.

ARE YOU WEALTHY? THEN TAKE WARNING

But Income Tax Bill Provides Fair-Sized Exemption for Militaires

As a great many people have suspected, we are all going to have a fair chance to help pay for the war. Company mathematicians and platoon debating societies may easily make the winter seem too short by trying to figure out where everybody stands, monentarily speaking, under the Income Tax Bill, approved February 24, 1919, whose provisions have just been cabled to the A.E.F. by the War Department.

Stripped of all wherefores and thereofs and other legal word wheels, the new act seems to say plainly that the tax will be 6 per cent on the first $4,000 net income and 12 per cent upon excess of that amount. The civil exemptions are $1,000 for single persons and $2,000 for married persons.

A military exemption of $3,500 is allowed, enough, as popularly supposed, to just let out Master Signal Engineers and Q.M. sergeants, senior grade, but this exemption will only apply to income actually received as salary or compensation for services in the Army or Navy and will not cover incomes from private sources.

Company clerks need not have any great fear of the new law, because most buck privates won't qualify in the solemnly sworn to paper work entries. The law will not require statements from those soldiers who receive less than $3,500 as pay and who do not have civilian incomes of more than $1,000, if single, and $2,000, if married. If either Army or civil income exceeds the amounts stated, however, the income tax return must be filed, although it has been provided that members of the military and naval forces abroad need not file the return until 90 days after the President has proclaimed the legal ending of the war.

The little German band that used to play on the corner may come back under another name, but it will never put on the same airs.

TO PROVIDE NERVE SYSTEM FOR A.E.F., TASK OF SIGNAL CORPS

Continued from Page 1

phones, switchboards, telegraph instruments, radio equipment, and quantities of special and technical supplies, in addition to the regular reserve to be carried.

In trench warfare, also, telephone and telegraph lines were principally used, though laid underground for the most part. What was known as the "buzzerphone" permitted the extensive use of the telephone lines by our combat forces, so extensive, in fact, that all other means of communication might be classed as auxiliary and emergency. Between company headquarters in the trench and battalion headquarters, underground telegraphy, or T.P.S., as the French called it, was used to supplement telephone communication. Then for the same purpose between battalion and regimental headquarters, trench radio was employed.

Sometimes Ahead of Infantry

The most interesting and spectacular modes of signaling in combat were employed only in emergencies. Generally, if the lines were cut, the Very pistol with its star shell cartridges or the 15-centimeter French projector could be used. Many times pigeons supplied the only means of communication, as in the case of the Lost Battalion in the Argonne. Runners, of course, played a large part in the relaying of messages after the fighting became continuously open last summer.

The Signal Corps men at the front, both in stationary trench warfare and in the open advances, did their work in the face of the same dangers and hardships that faced the doughboy, suffered heavily in losses, and gained richly in thrilling experiences worth while remembering. They went over the top with their comrades and oftentimes had to go ahead of the Infantry.

When the town of Vaux was captured, June 30, 1918, because of a turning movement, a Signal Corps detachment reached the objective before the Infantry. A man was sent out to install a telephone. He found a likely looking dugout and went in, telephone in hand. He found nine Germans hurriedly packing up to move. He told them he wanted to put in a telephone. They objected and he insisted.

A fight ensued, and the lone American was decidedly underneath, when one of the German soldiers spoke in Polish. Once again the cosmopolitan character of the American Army saved the day. The telephone man was a native-born Pole himself, and in a few minutes he had reenforcements, with the result that shortly after he emerged from the dugout with a broken telephone and nine prisoners, five of whom were Poles.

Copying German Messages

There was one kind of work done by the Signal Corps at the front which for interest and daring vies with anything the records of the war hold. This was the task performed by 12 officers and 402 men of the Radio Section, who maintained six different kinds of stations for keeping tabs on the enemy and policing our own lines to see that the enemy did not keep any tabs on us.

They had Intelligence intercept stations which copied messages in code from German ground-radio stations; airplane intercept stations which intercepted messages between enemy planes and ground stations; airplane goniometric stations which located enemy observation planes; control stations which supervised and policed the work of the American radio stations; goniometric stations which got bearings on enemy radio stations; and last but not least, the listening stations which copied telephone and T.P.S. messages of the enemy.

The story of how the Germans devised a new code for use at the front and of how the Allies got on to it before the Germans themselves, illustrates the finesse of our Signal Corps in this kind of work. The new code was supposed to have gone into effect March 11, 1918. On March 13 an American Intelligence intercept station caught a message from a German station which had just received a message in the new code, asking that the message be repeated in the old.

From the call letters given in the message it was possible to find both the original message in the new code and the repetition in the old. This assured the solution of the new code before the Germans themselves were familiar with it.

Changing Codes at Instant's Notice

As a contrast, and as a curious commentary on the much talked of German efficiency and American unpreparedness, when a code book was stolen from us by the Germans, not only was another code ready but our operators were actually prepared to use it when the order went out to put it in immediate effect.

There is no more thrilling page in the romance of the war than the little history of the American listening stations of the Signal Corps. They were always to the front and sometimes in No Man's Land itself, but wherever they might chance to be located, they were, as one of the men described them, "very near Heaven." Their business was eavesdropping, and if they didn't hear any good of themselves, they managed to do the doughboy lots of good.

Loops of wire were constructed out in No Man's Land parallel to the enemy's lines, and the tiny electric currents induced in them were magnified by means of an amplifier. Copper mesh mats or metallic rods were buried as near the enemy wires as possible and from them wires led to the amplifier. By this means ground currents and leaks from the enemy wires were magnified to audibility.

The planting of these "grounds" near the enemy's lines called out some of the most heroic instances of personal bravery and resourcefulness at the front. Time after time these men were caught by the spotlight of a star shell as they crawled out in the night toward the German lines and were seen no more. Often they were caught between a double barrage probably started by their own sentry. More often, however, they wiggled their way through barbed wire and shell holes, planted their wires, and returned to reap the benefit of their daring.

Photographic Service's Work

There were many special services of the Signal Corps charged with important and interesting work. For many years to come thousands of pictures of battle scenes and A.E.F. projects will never be looked at without a little reminder at the foot of them that they were the work of the Signal Corps. The Photographic Service in 11 months exposed in the field and developed 388,149 feet of actual war moving picture film, and at the same time exposed 24,273 still negatives from which 163,213 prints were made.

The Meteorological Section furnished data to the Artillery, Air Service, Chemical Warfare Service and Sound Ranging units as to the direction and speed of the winds and probabilities regarding rain, fog, clouds, etc.

The Army Pigeon Company rendered valuable aid in providing communication, especially with tanks and isolated units, when all other means had failed.

The Research and Inspection Division maintained at Paris a laboratory for the development of apparatus to meet signaling requirements, tested out all new apparatus and inspected all signal supplies. Among the new devices credited to this division might be named a tank radio set, the two-way radio loop set for communication between advanced units, the American listening station equipment, the two-way T.P.S. set, mobile telephone and telegraph offices, a gun-sight lighting device, the Chilowsky shell to increase gun range by 25 per cent through means of a source of great heat provided in front of the shell so that the air through which it passed was reduced in density; and radio tractors and trailers and gonio tractors.

An Engineering Section planned all Signal Corps installation. Finally, there was a section charged with the preparation of our codes.

Largest Military Tel. & Tel.

The Signal Corps in the S.O.S. stood staunchly behind its front line work. It not only made it possible for any American unit in the S.O.S. to get in touch with any other, but supplied all the missing links between the S.O.S. and the actual advance areas. It operated at Tours the largest military telephone and telegraph office in the world and two others nearly as large at Paris and Chaumont. The Tours office did more business than any commercial office in France except one in Paris alone.

In the fall of 1917 the increasing importance of A.E.F. activities in England made it necessary to arrange for our own cable across the English Channel. Accordingly, in January, 1918, a four-conductor cable was laid for the Signal Corps between Le Havre and the southern coast of England, which connected directly with London. The Signal Corps established large offices in London and lines were leased to the various camps and ports in England occupied by the A.E.F., such as Winchester, Southampton and Liverpool.

To the credit of the Signal Corps must be given one of the chief accomplishments of the whole Signal Corps during the war—the successful equipment of combat divisions with the special signaling apparatus required in modern warfare. Much of this, especially radio equipment, was new to America and had to be located in sufficient quantity in Europe. It cost $9,500,000 to equip our units in the field. Our complete telegraph and telephone system cost only $1,500,000. For miscellaneous equipment for photography, research, meteorological work, schools and repair shops, we spent $2,500,000. More than $4,500,000 was spent in France.

The Signal Corps maintained seven supply depots and three army parks covering storage of 350,000 square feet and an open storage space of 1,500,000 square feet. More than 100,000 tons of supplies were handled, 62,000 coming from the States, 37,000 from France and 1,000 from Great Britain.

And the work of the Signal Corps, with the troops and in the S.O.S., like the work of many other branches of the Army, has not ended with the armistice. Indeed, the accomplishments of this department in extending and maintaining communications hundreds of miles into Germany and to Rotterdam and Antwerp and of keeping the great scattering family of the A.E.F. on speaking terms would make a good story all by itself.